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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1803.

PICTURE OF REAL LIFE.

THOMAS DUPRE was born in the year—(no matter what,) his parents were—(no matter who,) he had a pleasant, chubby, countenance; frisked about in his nurse's arms; said *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*a sweet baby*.

After this he began to walk alone, went from one end of the room to the other, spoke *pa* and *ma* and several other words very distinctly, and looked so charming, that every one declared he was—*a pretty boy*.

He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a short lesson in the spelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mama by heart (on condition of receiving a slice of plumb cake) and was always desired to walk in and be admitted by the company, who all agreed that he was—*a charming child*.

In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech, and which, he delivered in such a pleasing accent, and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—*a wonderful boy for his years*.

He was now sent to a superior school, and began to study Latin, Arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled, at least, if not excelled his fellow scholars in his proficiency, but playing so many droll tricks at the expence of ushers, and his school fellows, that they had no scruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad*.

He was next sent to college, where he out did all his competitors in the midnight frolic, played an excellent hand at whist, learned to drink his bottle, and was so pleasant at singing a catch or glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him the epithet of —*a promising fellow*.

Here, too, he distinguished himself in certain amours, rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bed chamber or his laundress's daughter; when his parents were informed of his gallantries they cried out in extacy that he was—*a wild dog*.

His term being over, he was sent to London, placed in one of the inns of court, a proper place to study law, and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances, with whom he drank, gamed and *saw fights*; he was the life and soul of the company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the sly old benchers of the inns, shook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine dashing fellow*.

In his anxiety to see the world he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James's to the cellars in St. Giles —and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog and no fool*.

He now began to dress in style, dine in style, and keep women in style. He was a great man at the coffee-houses; in the box-lobbies of the theatres his person was an object—his opinion a law—and from his many transactions of public notoriety, people began to consider him as—*a buck*.

In process of time, he learned to judge of horse flesh, frequented the races, betted considerably on the favorite horse of the day, and won large sums——Lords now shook hands with him—grave senators asked his opinion, not on *state* but *stable* affairs; and he was known in the Turf coffee-house as one of the fraternity. In a word he was—*a knowing one*.

But somehow or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in his own hands began to decrease; he was less successful in his betts; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradesmen began to be clamorous; money must be had; and to get it he ventured on many schemes, which the world does not approve of nor think quite consistent with honesty, and became—*a black legs*.

Amid all this he was never an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with *inconstant constancy*, and with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for—*a devil among the women*.

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity and retire from public business, and life. In managing this matter he made so good a bargain, that even the jews shook their heads, stroked their beards and swore—*ash Got's my shudge he ish no Chreshtain!*

After this he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, besides the characters before mentioned, several others, such as an Old Fellow—Hearty Cock—Pleasant Dog, &c. At length his whole course being run, he died at his lodgings at a hair-dresser's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and personal effects to an old woman, who swept his room, made his bed, and *tucked him up*, which occasioned people to say, "He was still the *old man*."

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the parish took this expence off the shoulders of his wealthy *old friends*, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, 'poor devil!' What! is he dead—Well, I knew him once—*a fine fellow*.

THE MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following *coup de main* was played off at a shop in Oxford-street, (London) a short time since. A well dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a woollen draper's shop, in the afternoon; he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a servant or errand-lad with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying "bid the taylor loose no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my Lord's concert; I cannot go without it's done—if I do not I shall loose twenty guineas." The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase;—the draper asked the gentleman if he did not want lining, trimmings, &c. The answer was, "Yes; I forgot that; God bless me! I must go to the taylor myself with them." He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green

bag; for which my Lord offerred him forty guineas, and which he had refused. He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprise, but recollected he must have left it at the music shop, where he had been to buy a sonata; it was certainly safe; he had been no where else: and the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw, in a nitch behind the counter, he would leave it until he returned with the money: but may be he would not come until the next morning, as it was probable he might stay late at my Lord's where he was going to rehearse with some ameteurs.

The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman observed it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag; a sonata was in the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after another person came for some small article, and cheapened a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was "no, the owner would not sell it for forty guineas:" "It must be a good one," said the stranger; "permit me to see." He took it; tried it, and was in raptures. "It's a charming instrument, sir, I'll give you twenty guineas." "Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it." "I'll give thirty, sir, do let me have it"—and he took out his purse. "I cannot," said the draper again.—"Let me finger it a little more, sir, you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, sir; Oh, by G—d, that's a divine tone; I'll give the forty guineas, sir; and pay you commission for buying it; and I'll call to-morrow morning." "I shall do my endeavor, sir."

Early next morning came the owner of the violin to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. "Will you take twenty guineas for it?" "I tell you, sir, I have refused forty."—"Come, I'll give you thirty." "No, sir, I should affront my Lord if any body else was to get it." "Come, come, you say you have another." "Aye, that is true, and as like this one as can be." "Well, I will give you thirty-four guineas and no more."—"Why, to be sure, I would not like to let my Lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it; so as you seem to like it, if you give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my Lord does not know one from the other." The thirty-four guineas were paid. The draper has got a violin which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for. Such are the kind hits which avarice sometimes makes; for the divine toned instrument proves to be a Dutch one of half a guinea price.

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REMARK.—The truest characters of Ignorance, are vanity, pride and arrogance.

FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

THOSE vallies or glens, as they are called by the natives of Scotland, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a whole view of his flock at once, except when they are shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbors. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is an usual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return.—Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find the child; but owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours among the dangerous morasses and cataracts, with which these mountains abound, he was at lingth overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whether he at length came to the verge of the mist; and by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was, therefore, obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and dog, who had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day break the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and on receiving a piece of bread had gone off again. For several days the shepherd renewed his search for his child, and at evening returned disappointed to his cottage, where he found that the dog had been in his absence, and, on receiving his usual allowance of bread had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog as usual departed with his bread, he resolved to follow him and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left the child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined on the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicate that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent commotions of the earth. Down one of those rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way and at last disappeared into a cave; the mouth was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant, eating with much satisfaction, the bread which the dog had brought him; while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency!—From the situation in which the child was, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and had either fallen or scrambled down till he had reached the cave: which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting.—The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance.—He appears never to have quitted it by day or night, except when it was necessary to go for its food; and then he was always seen running full speed to and from the cottage.

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FOR THE HIVE.

THE GLEANER—No. 1.

'No pardon vile obscenity should find'....Pope.

THERE is no vice so atrocious in a moral point of view, which is so generally practised, and so universally tolerated, as Profane Swearing. Though in direct violation of moral duty, and calculated to shock the ear of delicacy, custom has rendered it so familiar, that we seldom experience that disgust and abhorrence which it ought to excite.—And by long endurance it seems to have acquired an imprescriptible right, to hold its impious dominion regardless of the reprehensions of the moralist, and the ridicule of the satirist. Monstrous and ridiculous as it is, it is not confined to that class of mankind with whose actions it is most consonant. It often shades the virtues of the man, who declares, by the general tenor of his actions, the uprightness of his heart. How repugnant to every feeling of benevolence and virtue, to see a man tenderly so-

licitous in performing the most essential parts of his duty in all the relations of husband, father, and friend, blending with these virtues a vice which ought to be the criterion of knaves and villains. Though true, that it seems to argue a want of principle and a depravity of heart, observation will convince us that many worthy characters, who are anxious to promote the interests of society, and strengthen the cause of virtue, are addicted to it. In characters of this description, it is entirely the effect of habit; is often done involuntarily, and unknowingly; and, abstracted from any influence upon others, may, perhaps, not involve a great degree of guilt. But this cannot be the case. Their practice sanctions it, and tends to render it still more universal; and if they be of a respectable rank in life, and in conspicuous stations, it is the less inexcusable, as the more pernicious and the better calculated to excite imitation. If they are looked up to, by the lower classes of society with any degree of respect, their less glaring vices will be copied, and even profane swearing, absurd and inconsistent as it is, with reason and religion.

The example of those who deservedly receive the execration and abhorrence of the virtuous part of mankind, has seldom much influence. Hence it is evident, that, upon the reform of the more virtuous and respectable that practise profane swearing, its extinction materially depends. For if discontinued by the higher ranks, the lower order of people would also discontinue it; and even the wretch in whom villainy and dissipation are united, would become ashamed of it.

There is another class of blasphemers (for they deserve not a milder name) lately sprung up amongst us, with whom

"An oath is rhet'rick and who swear for fame"

that deserve more than an ordinary share of attention. I mean the disciples of Chesterfield, those who lay exclusive claim to the character of fine gentlemen, but who are more generally distinguished in the form of a creature dignified with the appellation of FOP. True to some of the leading principles of their grand master, they hesitate not to lie, cringe, and flatter; to forfeit all manly dignity of character, to answer any selfish purpose, or to gratify their own detestable vanity. But the addition of swearing to these noble qualifications, is quite a modern refinement, which was utterly unknown to the great man, to whom they look up with so much humble adoration, and was long considered inconsistent with the character of a fop. Could this arch parasite be permitted to revisit the earth, how indignantly he would feel at this aberation! How would HE blush for the base degeneracy of his imitators.

However disagreeable these remarks may be, my pretty fellows, dont curse me as a puritanical old fellow; for it is my desire, that the manners of all ranks and denominations of society should be restored to their pristine purity; and I am authorised to declare, that profane swearing shall henceforth be considered as a low-bred, vulgar practice —that a single oath shall deprive you of all claim to the dignified character of a FOP. For, however, useful it may be, in vending and adding pomposity to nonsense, it is quite inconsistent with the harmless significance of your characters. E. B.

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FOR THE HIVE.

Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of Vanity, that seizes all below.

NEXT to pride, no one passion is more universally predominant than that of VANITY. It is equally the attendant of the monarch seated on his throne and surrounded with all the pomp and splendor which power, wealth and despotism can bestow, and of the peasant content to tread the humble walks of live. Whether we view the coxcomb decorated in all the ornaments of fashionable folly, or the fair one whose every care is to gain the admiration of the opposite sex, we find this passion prevalent in both. An Alexander is no less subject to it than a Burns, and the author of an *elaborate compilation* more than all. To gratify vanity the title-page of the most puerile composition is frequently adorned with all the pomposity of modern emptiness, and to the author's name is never found wanting the initials A. M. L. L. D. &c. &c. To him, fearful that his abilities and scientific researches will not be capable of doing him sufficient justice, the only resource left, in order to transmit his name, fame, and celebrity, as a literary character, to future ages, is a splendid hotpressed impression of his own dear self. Nay, so far has this vanity, of seeing our own pretty faces, extended, that a very pretty little thing called a *Physiognotrace* has been invented, and which at one stroke gives an exact delineation of the outlines of a face. By this machine, which does as much honor to the inventor as to him who pays his devoirs to it, are gratified, the statesman, venerable for his years, and the youth, highly elated with the full tide of experimental gallantry—the sage matron, and the giddy girl. Nay, we are informed, that Kitty the maid and Harry the sweep, to be on an equality with their fellow-citizens, and which of right they ought to be, have the profiles of their pretty sable faces also taken and hung up—the former in her *kitchen*, and the latter in his *front parlor*. U. N.

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MR. M'DOWELL,

Although I believe that the charge of painting, lately urged against the ladies of this borough, is false; yet, in my opinion, there are other charges, less excusable, which may, with justice, be brought against some of them. Though no professed gallant, I sometimes have the honor to be admitted into the company of a part of those females who stile themselves *the first class*; and, then, generally speaking, my expectations are disappointed; for instead of hearing instructive and entertaining conversation, I hear nothing but a medley of whimpering and laughing, or telling what they are pleased to call important secrets, without paying any respect to the gentlemen present.

I sincerely hope that those ladies who merit the above hint, may, in future, lay aside such trifling conduct, and behave in a manner more becoming the elevated station in society in which they are placed.

JUVENIS.

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Lancaster, *June* 29, 1803.

DIED, On Monday the 20th inst. in the 43d year of her age, justly lamented by all who knew her, Mrs. *EVE WIEN*, wife of Mr. John Wien, of this borough.

——, At Bedford (Penn.) on the 11th instant, universally lamented, Col. *SAMUEL DAVIDSON*, aged 55 years.

——, On the 12th inst. at Carlisle, in the 53d year of her age, after a lingering disorder, which she bore with patience and resignation, Mrs. *ANN LYON*, wife of William Lyon, Esq. of that borough.

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IMPORTANT. *How to vaccinate several hundred persons with the matter of a single ordinary Vaccine Pock.*

A member of the London VACCINE INSTITUTION mixed the fluid of a single cow-pock with a drahm measure of water of about the temperature of 70 of Farenheit. Of *three* subjects vaccinated with this diluted matter, *two* took the disease in the usual way. The remaining *third* was vaccinated in each arm, with one puncture of the diluted matter, and also in each arm, in like manner, with undiluted vaccine matter, but all these four punctures failed to produce the disease, the subject being an adult, and probably having had the small pox.

The above is extracted from Tillock's Philosophical Magazine, and is of so much importance to extend the blessings of vaccination, that the Printers of Newspapers, it is hoped will generally republish this article.

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The vaccine inoculation continues to make rapid progress in Spain and Italy. In Catalonia 7000 persons were innoculated in the course of nine months; and by its means, the fatal ravages of the small pox have been stopped in the department of Milla, where, during three months only, 12,000 persons have submitted to the vaccine operation.

POETRY.

THE MAID WITH BOSOM COLD.

OF me they cry. I'm often told,
"See there the maid with bosom cold,
"*Indifference* o'er her heart presides,
"And love and lovers she derides;
"Their idle darts, unmeaning chains,
"Fantastic whims and silly pains;
"In pride secure, in reason bold,
"See there the maid with bosom cold."

Ah! ever be they thus deceived!
Still be my bosom cold believed,
And never may enquiring eyes
Pierce through unhappy love's disguise:
Yet could they all my bosom share,
And see each painful tumult there,
Ah! never should I then be told
That I'm the maid with bosom cold.

A fate severe my suffering mind
To endless struggles has consign'd:
I feel a flame I must not own,
I love, yet every hope is flown;
Too strong to let my passion sway,
Too weak to teach it to obey,
I agonize, and then am told
That I'm the maid with bosom cold.

The joy o'er all my looks exprest
Conceals a bosom ill at rest;
To balls and routes I haste away,
But only imitate the gay:
I jest at love and mock his pow'r,
Yet feil his triumph every hour;
And lest to every bliss—I'm told
That I'm the maid with bosom cold.

Unable from myself to fly,
I catch each word, I read each eye;
Antonio comes—I die with fear,
Lest others mark my falt'ring air;
My eye perhaps too fondly gaz'd,
My tongue too much—too little prais'd;
Suspicion's trembling slave—I'm told
That I'm the maid with bosom cold.

With anxious toil, with ceaseless care,
Content and careless I appear;
And mirth beneath another's eye,
Alone I heave the helpless sigh,
Hang musing o'er his image dear,
Feel on my cheek th' unbidden tear,
And think, ah! why should I be told
That I'm the maid with bosom cold?

The flower may wave its foliage gay,
And flaunt it to the gairish day,
Unseen the while a canker's pow'r
May haste its honors to devour;
And thus, while vainly round me play
Youth's zephyr-breath, and pleasure's ray,
My fate unknown, my tale untold,
Thus sinks the maid with bosom cold.

FOR THE HIVE.

To a Love-born Poet, who walks the banks of Conestogoe, conning Love Elegies on the death of his Mistress's affection.

"THE heart that never feels a pain
"Can ne'er a joy or transport know,"*
But *thine* can ne'er a transport gain
In *constant* search of haggard woe.

The poet who's *with laurel crown'd*
Should be from care and sorrow free,
Be cheerful in the giddy round
Shake hands with mirth and jollity;—

But thou art heavy, dull and sad,
And won't from murky thoughts abstain;
And sure thou'rt little less than mad,
To plod the banks that give thee pain.

Fly, son of care, the rugged line,
Nor let thy mind on sorrow roll;
Forget the fair, take gen'rous wine,
And let its zest exalt thy soul.

Attune thy lyre to subjects gay,
Such as from merry Comus sprang:
If these won't chase dull care away
Perhaps 'twere better then to hang

The Lyre Up.

* *Lord Littleton.*

FOR THE HIVE.

DAMON, if you love me, leave me,
If you stay, I am undone—
Oh! with ease you may deceive me,
Prithe charming swain begone.
Heaven decrees that we should part;
That, has my vows, but you my heart.

DELIA.

FOR THE HIVE.

OH! tell me Julia why
At sight of thee I languish;
Why heav'd my breast that sigh,
Why, pierc'd my soul by anguish!

My heart throbs doubly now,
And now 'tis near at rest;
Now I new anguish feel,
Now heaves my lonely breast.

Yet when thou'rt gone from me,
I've lost some better part;
Restore it then to me,
If thou hast ta'en my heart.

Then shall I cease to wail,
Grief shall no more assail—
Till in Death's lonely grott,
Forgeting—I'm forgot.

WILLIAM.

H U M O R.

A person by the name of MAN, who resided at Depford (England) and had a place in the custom-house, having constantly finished his business by two o'clock, used generally to go home to dinner. In his walk he frequently met a gentleman who lived in the neighborhood, who was known to be disordered in his intellects, but whose conduct had always been inoffensive. It happened one day that the madman met him on a narrow causeway, and having a large stick in his hand, when he came up to Mr. Man, he made a sudden stop, and sticking one end of the stick to the ground, while he held it with both hands, sternly pronounced, "*Who are you sir?*" The other not at all alarmed, and willing to soothe his assailant with a pun, replied, "*Why sir, I am a double man, Man by name, and man by nature.*" "Are you so, sir," says the insane—"*Why I am a man beside myself,* and *we two* will fight *you two*" upon which he immediately knocked Mr. MAN into the ditch, and deliberately walked off.

A SCOLDING WIFE.

A man plagued with an ill-tempered wife, threw himself into the water, determined, by drowning, to avoid the miseries of being daily subjected to her scolding tongue.—When he was taken up, the following lines, expressive of his feelings, were found in his pocket:—

"*Let lightnings flash—let thunders roll along,*
Let hideous night-fiends join in awful song;
Let earthquakes shake the earth from pole to pole,
And HELL *stand gaping for my sinning soul;*
Let elements contend in endless strife,
All are not equal to a scolding wife."

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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